

The Erindalian

published by the Students' Administrative Government of Erindale.

VOL. 2 NO. 9

ALL GOOD THINGS
WHICH EXIST ARE
THE FRUITS OF
ORIGINALITY

JOHN STUART
M/LL

ERINDALE
COLLEGE
LIBRARY

December 1, 1969



Seated from left: Su Crowe, Ken Philbrook, Sue Plamondon, Gail Fremont, John Henry Hazlewood, Barb Kochberg, Reid Miller. Upper left: Retiring Second Vice Pres., Bob Thomas. Upper right: New Speaker, Rick Bush.

Sage Meeting

\$10,000 DIVIED UP

The complete budget of the Students' Administrative Government of Erindale was divided up in the meeting Monday, November 24.

The council had been frustrated for the first two months of this year in trying to enforce their policy of only releasing money upon receipt of a detailed itemization of where the money was going to go. Committees trying to float new programmes with no experience of costs found it too time-consuming to try and price every part of their plans in advance.

So the council with all interested parties present except the yearbook, proceeded to set a figure for each one. These amounts are now set apart and guaranteed to each group. The money will be drawn as it is needed.

The beneficiaries and their grants are as follows:

The Social Committee	\$2000
The performing Arts Committee	\$1000
The Arts Committee	\$1100
The Erindalian	\$1000
Student Loans	\$2000
Public Lectures	\$1000
The Contingency Fund	\$2000
Office Expenses	\$300

There still is a token amount left not accounted for, which may be used for the yearbook, depending on its success based on a sale in advance.

The condition of the grants is simply that every cent must be covered by paid bills or receipts.

BOB THOMAS RESIGNS

In the SAGE meeting on Monday November 24, Bob Thomas, Second Vice-President of the Council, announced his resignation. It was accepted by SAGE and the election for someone to replace him will be held on Tuesday December 16.

The council moved for an "In Camera Discussion" in which all non-members had to leave the meeting. When they returned, a motion was made by Paul Kochberg that the resignation of Bob be

accepted and was passed.

Although the discussion was private, Thomas explained after that his reasons for the move were twofold. Academic pressures and personal involvements did not leave him enough time to properly serve the council.

This does not in any way leave him open to the charge of failing to live up to some promise that he might have made in his election speech to serve the council. He made it clear at

that time that academics would always come first.

Secondly, Thomas explained that he became a part of the council to contribute a voice of moderation because of his age and experience.

However, he feels that the council is operating in a smooth and appropriate way, so he feels that his real contribution to SAGE is no longer needed. He feels that the working out of programmes are for the younger students who are

more attuned to the modern university

Incidentally, Thomas is working on his third career. He began as an officer in the British army, then he worked in administration for a steel company and now he is taking his B.A. with a view to a teaching career.

The Erindalian would like to join with S.A.G.E. in thanking Bob Thomas for his work on the council, especially in the 'long months' during the summer.

SAC FEES HALVED

The SAC fees for students of Scarborough and Erindale in the future will be \$6.00 per person instead of the past \$12.00.

This was the consensus of the SAC special committee to study the status of Scarborough and Erindale in their special meeting Tuesday night.

This fee will cover all the essential services of SAC such as the Varsity, Radio Varsity and so on. This \$6.00 figure was reached by simply dividing the SAC

budget figures for services which the satellite colleges benefit from, by the number of students. Then a buffer figure of \$1.30 was added to also cover SAC administration costs.

Paul Kochberg asked to have it clearly accepted that this reduction of our fees could not affect Erindale status as a full member. It is understood that even SAGE wants to help in setting up some programme they will be able to appeal to SAC.

BELOW: Meeting of the SAC-Scarborough-Erindale Committee. From left to right: Phil Dack (Erindale) Ceta Ramkhalawansingh(SAC), Su Crowe(Erindale), Gus Abols(President of SAC), and Ann Maurer(SAC). Inset: Ken Philbrook and Gus Abols.

HELP !



EDITORIAL comment-

Erindale College needs more athletic supporters. For anyone who is not particularly athletically inclined but wishes they could be, active support is the best solution.

The support of our teams means that we non-jocks can gain almost the full benefit of our athletic contribution forwarded at registration. But that frame of mind debases the true meaning and feeling of competitive sport.

The before game tension of the warm-up period is felt not only by the players but by the spectators too. The warm-up allows all to get the feel of both teams. Merits and demerits are formulated, relative strengths decided and an overall picture of the game is made.

The tension and excitement of the actual play grabs everybody. The spirit of our teams can be greatly increased by the cheering spectators.

The delight of playing hockey and basketball is increased with the encouragement of a crowd and the crowd increases its pleasure by seeing their shouts rewarded, with an increased calibre of play.

If you are concerned in any way with the reputation of the College, that reputation can be enhanced by supporting our teams.

We were Number One in the Homecoming, we will be Number One in sports.

'letters'

Dear Editor:

Last week's article on the Colman Place might lead some people to believe that there is no support for or interest in any of the activities that take place there. I cannot speak for the card players or ping pong players, but I do know that there are a reasonable number of students who attend the Coffee House each day who are content with the situation there. These students are glad to have the opportunity to be able to get out of the main building for a change, and they don't mind going 100

yards to do it.

For those of you who are content to spend your day walking from the cafeteria to the student lounge looking for something to do, the Colman Place may not mean much to you, but there are some students who are willing to give the place a chance. These students of whom I speak are also appreciative of the efforts of Jane Brydon and Patricia Patrick in organizing the Coffee House. The rest of you can keep walking.

Randy Jenkins
III Science.

Question of the Week

"What are your views on the Faculty Common Room being integrated for both faculty and students as a quiet study area with smoking privileges?" Note that this room is the only one on campus presently off-limits to students.

Gail Fremont (II Arts) - "Every other University has a faculty lounge. It seems, right now, that they'd rather sit in the cafeteria, but the lounge is there if they need it, they should have the privilege. Most offices are shared so there is no privacy there. Instead of the integration there should be a student reading room with smoking privileges. In their own lounge, they don't have to worry about their images as professors."

Charles Edwards (I Arts) - "Why shouldn't they have their own room. If the faculty wants to talk over policies on their own level, they should have their own private lounge. Students have the library which is supposed to be quiet. Colman House is even quiet enough; nobody is there anyway. They deserve privacy and their own place, just as we have our own Common Room."

Murray Packman (I Science) - "If everybody was let in it would soon be abused and would no longer be quiet. It would have to be policed to be kept quiet. However we do need our own place now because the library is crowded."

Tom Crawford (I Science) - "There shouldn't be a difference between faculty and students. The closer the ties the better they'll get along. Both will learn from each other. The

faculty lounge is badly used anyway; you see more of the faculty in the cafeteria. You can't study or do homework in the Common Room because of the noise. There's no talking in the library between two people who want to work together. Faculty and students shouldn't be split. The integration could bring them closer together.

Mary-Lou (Bookstore) - The Common Room and Cafeteria are pigstys. The carpets in some rooms have cigarette butts on them, the chesterfields have holes in them. If the students are given this privilege, they will abuse it, the students are not mature enough to handle the extra responsibility. Maybe they are pushing too much but giving nothing. The professors should have a few moments to themselves. They should be given the respect of their own private room.

Prof. G. Thaler (Biology) - "The faculty common room is already too heavily taxed to be used by the students. The college is so big (115 professors) that they need a place to have coffee privately so that they will get to know one another. Faculty-wise the college would run better having this relationship. Departmental luncheons etc. need a room for faculty only. We can hardly talk over policies in the cafeteria. For the students to have a quiet room of their own, I suggest that the Common Room be divided into two sections with a masonite wall between and a door adjoining the sections. The outside wall



Through the Looking Glass

Solitary Confinement - by Bryan Jones

Yesterday a friend of mine told me she is leaving Erindale within the week. Why? Failing? No, she's very intelligent. Domestic problems? She has a happy home life. Money? Oodles. Why then? "These people are bad for my head. I'm not doing anything here." Who are "these people"?

Look around. Look in the mirror.

It is a common myth around the College that the St. George campus is very cold and impersonal as contrasted with the warmth and closeness of Erindale. Shit! It is true that one knows a few more names here, and sees them more often but as for such things as "warmth" and "closeness", not to mention "meaning" and "understanding", I submit one would get just as much, if not more, of these things downtown.

Have you ever paused during your studying, card game, coffee break, etc. and looked around? Anybody really know who you are? Anybody really care?

I am not suggesting a huge Friendship Club for mass friendship of this sort would be shallow indeed. I am suggesting, however, we get a bit more involved with people, reconsider petty hates, meet more "squares" and "hippies". But be careful! Meeting your fellow

man is risky business. You can't up and introduce yourself to a complete stranger. We all know only queers, beggars, bums, drunks and other such refuse would do such a thing.

So use a flimsy excuse. You like that blonde in first year? Go over and ask her if she hails from Brantford or some other ridiculous place. If she smiles, you are that much closer.

Loneliness is a cancer. As Erindale grows, so does this illness. But the College lacks the cosmopolitan character of St. George that serves each interest group and therefore retards the malady. Here the students, drawn mostly from suburbia, suffer from the Subway Syndrome. That is, in order to avoid the embarrassing situation of looking someone in the eye, the gaze of the beholder immediately shifts to his adversary's left shoulder. Not an ideal way to start a meaningful dialogue. Or just dialogue.

If someone comes up to you next week and offers you a coffee in exchange for your company, please don't call the Vice Squad. That pervert might be me.

My friend Harvey said, "Only people make it lonely."

item!

Katherine Hanson, Chairman of the Performing Arts Committee, Erindale College announced that Samuel Beckett's **ENDGAME** will be presented Thursday and Friday of this week.

The performance will be held in Room 292 Erindale College. It will be open to the public and free. The starting time will be 7:00 p.m.

ENDGAME is produced by Thomas McElroy and directed by Bruce Whittlesea. Both are students at the University of Toronto.

Rehearsals started in October for this production. The performance lasts about one hour and a half.

Lost Articles Auctioned

This Friday the massive collection of unclaimed lost articles in the constables office will be auctioned off.

This will be the first auction since the College started and so a wide variety of merchandise and sizes will be guaranteed. Students are urged to have a look over the stock beforehand and pick up what is rightfully theirs or they will have to buy it back come Friday.

Reid Miller (Arts II) will be the auctioneer. The money collected will either be used to help finance the special day for the orphan children in December or to buy earmuffs for constables for protection during the cold months.

No matter who gets the money, the people who come to this auction will get the bargains.

Results Disappointing

Only fifteen percent of the Erindale student body attended the blood donor clinic held in the Colman Place November 13th.

This was a disappointing five unit drop from last year's results when there was only half the number of students.

Another clinic may be held in the spring to run over two days if the organizers feel that there would be the donors to warrant it.

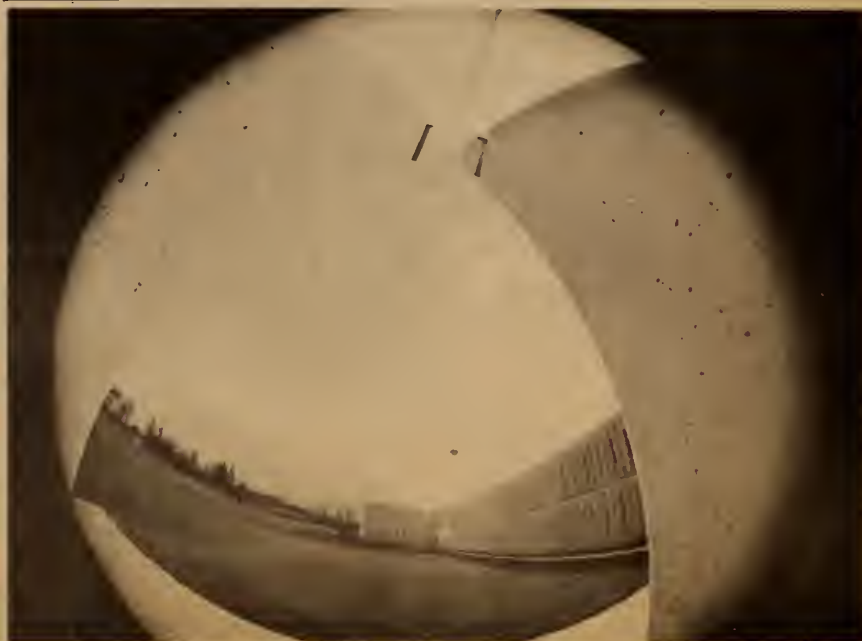
FIESTA!!

SPANISH-
LATIN AMERICAN
Thursday, Dec. 4
6:15 pm
Cafeteria

Buses provided!!
Those coming please sign one of the posters before 9:30 am, Monday Dec. 1.
Organized by Spanish students and faculty.

FOOD! MUSIC!
DANCING!

ELECTION
2nd VICE PRESIDENT
nomination forms must have 10 seconds
names and ATL numbers.
Deadline for nominations December 9th
Election on December 16th, 1969



Erindale College Photography Dept.

A COLUMN

The Alexander of our time perhaps is now living, somewhere, maybe here listening to the obscene gasp of vending machines in the deepening litter of ash amongst the loud laughing blank-faced card players and their interchangeable females. Genius has a disquieting tendency to exceed its own purposes; to dissolve intentions of Empire in an endless march to the sun. Nothing is more subversive than the poetic impulse seeking outlets through other means, in disguise. And no society should be eternal. Our society less than most for it could. What was once defined as a network of men has become a network of machines served by men and machines buttressing a bureaucracy makes a peculiarly unrevolutionary combination. Fascinated by the spin of tumblers in a slot machine or the clanking cornucopias in the common room, fascinated and dependent on the cards forms, bureau, services to which we affix our names our secrets and our expectations we could go on playing this game forever, waiting for the hidden, unquestionable computers to respond to our ardent obsequies and speed up our absolutely free gift, our significance. Ever-promising, never-satisfying science with a coquette's ignorant subtlety leads us from step to step in a circular dance around and around the object that is never named, never attained though nothing else is ever desired. Like the vindictive woman, it convinces us that it is we and our desires that are obscene, that womanly science is pure and transcendental to these earthly things. Longing to touch but dissuaded, our hesitation stronger the more deeply we yearn we complete our forms and slot our coins and hope that at last we shall be given what we should take. The Victorian age and the Modern age are one unbroken whole.

The Alexander of our age will be no pleasant fellow. Like T.E. Lawrence he will flog himself. Like Napoleon he'll clench his uniforms in scent to mask the stench corpses. Like Christ he'll be capable of starting wars and perfectly capable of winning them. Simply he will subordinate forms conventions and games to the whispered confusing imperatives of honesty. And life will have meaning once again.

bob mclardy

poetry

Old

Eighty-two years old,
Alive and well and living in Long Branch.
But sad and tired and alone.

Widowed these past ten years;
Time has been kind
You haven't many more wrinkles
But I know you cry at night.

And sometimes during the day,
You sit alone,
And hold his picture.
And fondle the World War I medals
He was so proud of,
And sometimes, you say his name.

And when a floor board creaks,
You half-expect it to be him
Standing there.

But ten years of loneliness
Have taught you
Not to expect anything
Anymore.

The children think its morbid
But you're ready to die
Because he is waiting for you
Somewhere

At night you go to bed
With a street light penetrating your solitude..
You shut your eyes
And retreat - to sleep and peace
Like every night
When you are happy and not alone:

But your peace is shattered
By piercing sunlight
And the cries of school children past your window

And his face slowly fades
Into the curtains.

But one night
Your Peace is at last Complete
His face doesn't fade
But your living soul
From your dying body

And while we mourn our loss
You rejoice in your gain.

That's how you rehearsed it with me
So many times;
I hope you were right
You were so sure
Oh I wish my faith were as strong as yours.

Goodbye, Grandma,
I'll miss you.

K. Cooper

CHRISTMAS TIME

Be it the ebb for human tides?
tis abstract time that officially
entitles men to symbolize the glorious
meaning with a cup of booze.

An entity for hopes-magnet for thoughts.
Nature's trivial ecstasy gives to all
the self-centred social slag -
guardians of the deep -
a happy hour.

Anger flames to scorch the carelessness,
"how dare they destroy the one remaining
communication?"

That "quarter for a carol" reality;
and advertisement where a picture of
Santa Claus should go.

People are my nemesis,
because you see I think that love and
friendship are enough.

The Christmas lights on every house,
look only to the greens and blues;
the quiet spirit glowing from a
psych adelic tree,
snow which pollinates the free -

around you is eternity.

greg brooks I

WORLD MIDDLEWEIGHT CHAMPIONSHIP FIGHT BETWEEN NINO BENVENUTI AND LUIS RODRIGUEZ, LIVE, FROM ROME, ITALY (VIA SATELLITE)

it strikes our ring side commentator
to mention, pre-fight, that the
Italians can be an unruly bunch,
(that in twenty centuries from
gladiators to boxing gloves, our
progress is deceptive)
that the arena arsenal
is oranges and emptied wine bottles,
that grunted Italians are prone to
grunts, and all are having a
marvellous time

Nino, cocky and confident
flaits the air with fists and jabs,
Rodriguez, the unfavoured, unclear
opportunist, the Negro, is referred
in white shorts of flash and fold,
collapses in daze, left hook to
temple, eighth round decision
and the Italians converge

the commentator, having yawned
is excited now, his is surprise
in the dullness and caution
on canvas where the champion
has dappled his blood
amid the roars and painlessness

J. Paczuski

HUMOUR

Dear Mother and Dad,

Since I left for college I have been remiss in writing and am sorry for my thoughtlessness in not having written before. I will bring you up to date now but before you read on, please sit down. You are not to read any further unless you are sitting down. Okay?

Well, then, I am getting along pretty well now. The skull fracture and the concussion I got when I jumped out the window of my dormitory when it caught on fire shortly after my arrival here is pretty well healed now. I only spent two weeks in the hospital and now I can see almost normally and only get those sick headaches once a day. Fortunately, the fire in the dormitory and my jump, was witnessed by an attendant at the gas station near the dorm, and he was the one who called the Fire Department and the ambulance. He also visited me in the hospital and, since, I have nowhere to live because of the burned-out dormitory he was kind enough to invite me to share his apartment with him. It's really a basement room, but it's kind of cute. He is a fine boy and we have fallen deeply in love and are planning to get married. We haven't got the exact date yet, but it will be before my pregnancy begins to show.

Yes, Mother and Dad, I am pregnant. I know how much you are looking forward to being grandparents and I know you will welcome the baby and give it the same love and devotion and tender care you gave me when I was a child. The reason for the delay in our marriage is that my boy friend has a minor infection which prevents us from passing our pre-marital blood tests and I carelessly caught it from him.

I know that you will welcome him into our family with open arms. He is kind, and although not well educated, he is ambitious. Although he is of a different race and religion than ours, I know your often-expressed tolerance will not permit you to be bothered by that.

Now that I have brought you up to date, I want to tell you that there was no dormitory fire, I did not have a concussion or skull fracture, I was not in the hospital, I am not pregnant, I am not engaged, I am not infested and there is no boy friend in my life. However, I am getting a D in History and F in Science and I want you to see those marks in their proper perspective.

Your loving daughter,
"Susie"

I BLED

On November 13, 1969 I gave blood for the first time in my life at the Colman Place on the pleasant campus of Erindale College. Walking in the front door I was confronted by a voluptuous volunteer virgin who conducted me to a back room. It appeared that the inquisition was about to commence. The board of Inquisitors sat in a semi-circle to which I was led blindfolded. The first test was to see if I could remember my name and address. Life began to get a little tense as I was conveyed to the second inquisitor. I knew that the jig was up when she grabbed my unsuspecting digit. Oh what pain!! Oh what bliss!!! After stopping the flow of blue-blood, I was ushered to the torture chamber with numerous racks draped with other unsuspecting donors.

As I lay contemplating my past life and listening to the groans of the other victims, a wicked witch of the west came morbidly towards my prostrate figure. I was next!! She wrapped the blood-stiffling bonds around my dormant appendage.

"Grasp the stick firmly" quoth she. As the torture proceeded, sticking needles

into my now limp and hanging arm, I proceeded to fondle the pretty gaoler. After an interminable length of time my life giving fluids were drained from my feeble body. I was now required to elevate the now bloodless corpse to the recuperating cell. They certainly know how to torture a person. Grabbing my one good arm and pressing it close to her warm body I was required to manipulate my weak legs the twenty paces to my inviting bed. After attempting rest with the fragrant smells of instant coffee, tea and stale cookies, I was allowed to try to escape from the fond embrace of the helpful wombat. The coffee was better than the cafeteria and the cookies passable. What a letdown from the exhilarating activities of the preceeding twenty minutes. Of the 145 applicants to this extreme pleasure, 133 were accepted. The remaining 12 were refused for various reasons, including high drug content and the excess of liquid additives to the blood stream. To those people with the weak constitutions, which number some 700 people, it was fun.

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BAKE IN

Christmas and children and a party and baked goodies. we have the Christmas, the children and the party but we're still lacking the baked goodies. We're asking every Erindalian who can wield a pot or pan to contribute the kind of food that children (particularly seventy orphans) might like at their

Christmas party. Cakes, cookies, cooked meats can be cooked anytime between now and Friday December 19th and turned into the SAGE office for freezing and storage. Also needed are drinks (pop and fruit juices), desserts such as fruit and jelly, hotdogs, hamburgers, cold meat, (a ham maybe?) and how

about mustard and relish and things like that.

Volunteer cooks are asked to sign up in the SAGE office and hit the kitchen, as soon as possible. The more food stored ahead of time the better. We can plan ahead to receive seventy hungry children. Please contact us and start cooking NOW!

Activity
Passport
NOW!
SAGE OFFICE
John Heary

up & coming

Monday December 1

Men's Basketball vs Meds B 5:30 at Hart House.
Karate 5:00 – 7:00 in the Field House.
Curling 5:00 – 7:00 at the Sherwood Curling Club.

Tuesday December 2

Men's Hockey vs York's Junior Varsity Team at York University 6:00 p.m.
Women's Hockey at Huron Park vs Scarborough at 9:00 p.m.
Committee on University Affairs is holding an all-day meeting in Room 292. Claude Bissel, President of the University of Toronto will be presiding.
Men's Judo in the Field House 5:00 – 7:00.

Wednesday December 3

Students from Gordon Graydon High School will be visiting the College.
Men's Volleyball vs Meds at 6:00, Hart House.
Career counselling in Room 234 from 1:00 to 4:00 p.m.
Open Meeting of the Erindale College Council with members of the Commission on University Government. This will take place in Room 292 at 1:00 p.m.
Special Meeting of the Erindale College Council restricted to members only immediately after the Open Meeting.
Women's Judo in the Field House 5:00 – 7:00.
Badminton 6:00 – 8:00 at Erindale Secondary School. Buses will be provided.

Thursday December 4

Spanish American Night at Erindale College presented by the Spanish Dept.
Band Practice in Room 158 at 5:00.
Fencing in the Field House 5:00 – 7:00.
Karate in the Field House 7:15 – 9:15.
ENDGAME by Samuel Beckett presented by The Performing Arts Committee tonight and Friday. Room 292 at 7:00. Admission free.

Friday December 5

The English Department presents *The Hour of the Wolf* directed by Ingmar Bergman at 3:00 in Room 292.
AUCTION All articles that have gone unclaimed in the constables office will be auctioned off in the cafeteria at noon. Reid Miller, The Big Rouser, will preside.

Tuesday December 9

Panel Discussion on American Infiltration into Canada 8:30 in Room 292.

Friday December 19

The Sociable Committee is sponsoring a Christmas Party for orphans of the Loyal True Blue and Orange Home, Richmond Hill. Events will include a tour of Eaton's Toyland, plus movies, games and dinner at Erindale. If all goes well the children will be transported in the double-decker London Transport bus belonging to Julies Mansion in Toronto. Those who would like to help please come to the S.A.G.E. office and give your name to Ley Crawshaw.

ERINSPO Girls' Hockey Team Results

Urged on by continuous cheering from the Chicken Man and the Cheerleaders the Erindale Basketball Team won its third consecutive exhibition game by a convincing score of 79 to 69. Again showing scoring leadership and great board crushing was Brian Shaw and Earl MacNeil, who along with the other dribblers put on a great show for the Erindale supporters.

As a side highlight a game of 21 was played to 10 by the Chicken Man and Pam Cheerleader. A lead of 9-4 was taken by the crime fighter but over-confidence brought defeat as Miss Cheerleader won by 10-9. The next game is Dec. 5 at Streetsville Sec. School against this same Trent team. To say it is very doubtful if this team will lose to a team that gets its starts made

Tuesday night at Huron Park saw the Erindale Hustlers defeated for the first time this year. The score was 2-1 after 25 minutes of overtime for Ryerson.

The Erindale girls outplayed the Ryerson team, but just didn't seem to have the steam or Lady Luck on their side. It was a hard fought game with Adrienne Trull providing Erindale's only marker.

Offensively and defensively, the team showed finesse, however, a lack of organization and failure to complete many plays did not help the Erindale cause.

The game was highlighted by an uncalled for and undeserved penalty shot when the Erindale goalie thought the Ryerson

ERINDALE TRENT HOCKEY

Last Tuesday night Erindale hockey and basketball teams travelled to Trent University in Peterborough to take on Trent's Varsity teams. As would be expected Erindale clobbered Trent in both games.

In the hockey match our beloved gentlemen of fame, showed their physical brutality in a fast and chippy game which ended 7-4 in our favour. Erindale goals were scored by Kirby (2), Perry (2), Joy Winters and Chylinski, as the team's new combination of Perry, Chylinski and Joy was on 5 of our seven goals. These 3 debonair young studs found the heavy hitting to their liking as they not only coped with Trent's headhunting techniques, but managed to lead the team in scoring as well.

The Trent fans were sorry to see us go and many were disappointed that the infamous John (Fergie) Gibbons left town without

giving them a sample of his devastating bare-fisted combat techniques. Gibby tried to take on the entire Trent team as well as their fans but luckily for them no one made the mistake of doing gloves off battle with our champion.

In the hockey aspect of the game Erindale most potentially dangerous line of Robb, Ryan and Winter consistently out hustled their opponents, but aside from a goal by Bruce Winters were unable to beat the Trent Goalie.

Greg Kirby ruffled the feathers of the Trent team by using some of his harassing tricks from hockey's underworld in North Bay. Kirby (a good friend of Dr. Christian Barnard) had Trent players scratching their heads between the 2nd and 3rd periods, by letting them know how disappointed he was that the score was only 5-1 at that point.

Ken Luckhurst gave the girls a treat, as usual, by

Wombat's Wonderful World of Wonder and Woe

The scores from last week's athletic contests were 2-0, 79-59, 2-1, 2-1, 7-4.

Due to recent criticism by the Girls' Hockey Team that Wombat was not giving them enough ink in the Sports Column, I shall now attempt to rectify that situation. From what I saw of their game last Tuesday night against Ryerson, I'd have to say that they're bums and they're losers, wearing tired smiles and tight sweaters, stumbling and fumbling their way to nowhere.

No doubt it seems unusual to find this type of pointed social commentary among the sports pages, but as Bernard De Voto once said, "Only the males are real; the co-eds are merely fleeting shadows." Sounds like Bernie must have had one too many.

The fleeting shadows I viewed in the cold expanse of the Huron Park Coliseum were Erindale girls bent on self-annihilation. Careening about the ice at furious pace, they gave no regard to life or limb, but resembled a motley collection of unsuccessful Kamakasi pilots in long hair. Madness was their supreme virtue.

If this is the new

liberated women bent on penetrating the sporting preserves of the male species, I shall call upon the Lord to go back to the drawing board.

However, their determination was limitless. Their individualism was boundless. Their antics were priceless. And their faces were beardless. A refreshing change from the overly sophisticated and stodgy male sporting world.

Flailing and clawing away at the opposition, the girls stripped themselves mentally and went into the fray like a rabid wombat in passionate and uncontrollable love.

The mascara and pancake makeup dripping from their beet-red bodies, the Belles of the Blue-line pounded, gasped, reeled, and keeled over with every ounce of sinew in their muscles, corpuscles, ganglia, hemoglobin and other vital organs, that it appeared their girdles would break.

To an innocent passerby the scene might have seemed revolting or utterly absurd, but to those who knew better, the scene was utterly revolting and just plain absurd.

Unorthodox? Yes! But one left the game with a

Of Sunday Afternoons
our motions are exercises
transfigurations of leaps
into the huddle of sleep
the sway and flush of cycles
until we touch ground and weep
buildings become manifestations
even we watch excavations
falling and rising
these matters abstract and ritual
are bronze mosaics of rail stations
of the artist and his discipline critics
an incessance of sought
thrive for novel
a sacrifice of tradition bought
and to know in glimpse what is forgot
then we play again
our words are exercises
till we touch ground again
intervals of fleet
we are borne again
following we lead
to puzzle and stumble once more
once more
J. Paczuski

performing some heart warming head pokes, reminiscent of Carl Brewer.

Brian "Sieve" Robson was getting cold feet standing in our goal while we tied up Trent in their own end. In order to even up the sides he continually

hacked and slashed at our opponents, for his efforts he received 2 penalties.

All in all our boys made a most respectable showing - clearly re-establishing Erindale as number 1.

rick robb



player was just fooling around. Fortunately the save was made and the game continued.

Journeying the following day to Glendon College, the girls won the game automatically on a default by the Glendon

team. However, four good sportswomen from Erindale

donned the yellow and blue sweaters of the Glendon team and played for the opposition in an exhibition game which ended 1-1. Maureen Nixon scored for Erindale.

Pat Loucks

"HAIR"

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Tickets on sale in the SAGE office

Cash Only

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